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MARRIE HILL - - MISSOURL

Over one hundred and thirty species of fish abound along the coast of Urugusy and more than two thousand species of insects have been classified within its borders. Is can scarcely be said of a resident of that country that there are no flies on him.

Ownr Christians are permitted to serve on juries in Russia, without special permission. If all jurymen were Christians, in the common acceptation of the term, we would have a very marked improvement in the average verdict of our jury trials in

Even potatoes have more uses than is generally supposed. The commonplace tuber is not generally supposed to possess ornamental qualities, yet most of the buttons used on clouks and coats are made from potatoes which have been treated to a bath of sul-

THERE are more evictions for nonpayment of rent in New York and Brooklyn in one year, says a judge of the latter city, than in Ireland in two years. And there are about as many Before jury-masts could be rigged and Irishmen in New York and Brooklyn damages made good, they drifted into the as there are in Dublin and Cork. What fox, from which they emerged only to strange things are sometimes shown strike on the Painted Rocks. Fortunatestrange things are sometimes shown by dry figures!

ST. PETERSBURG is the only capital of Europe in which the population is steadily diminishing. During the last seven years the inhabitants of that city have decreased by 85,000. It is not improbable that a large percentage of the number who left the city were invited by the government to take up their abode in Siberia.

An Arizona negro recently drank a gallon of bad whisky to test his endurance. Of course he thought he could stand it; but he didn't. He died in less than ten minutes after taking the last swallow. This should be a warning to those who so frequently counts a celebrated remark of a former of the last swallow. governor of North Carolina.

Some ladies of high social position in New York are said to have started a society "for the advancement of propriety and frugality in dress." Among the things to be avoided are decollette dresses and sleeveless bodices. It may be that, sometimes in the future, a full-dress party will not, as now, be an undress party.

THE Gatling gun is the invention of a Hartford Yankee and is in use by all the armies and navies of the world to-day. Connecticut Yankees will go down in history as something more than inventors of basswood and nutmegs. The Gatling gun can handle more bullets in an hour than a regiment of men using the old muzzle loading muskets.

THERE is a preparation from the Calabar bean known to druggists and chemists as phepostiquine. It is the most expensive drug known. It is worth about \$1,000 an ounce. The cost of many a prescription suggests "Santa Anna" everything likely to be use-to the purchaser that it must contain ful to them, and that was pretty nearly this expensive article in some halfdozen forms, or more. But as he don't know he can't say anything about it.

THE greater smoothness secured in railway travel by the substitution of metallic or wooden ties is causing their increased introduction in a marked degree. The tie mostly preferred is a metallic trough, in which the rails rest upon a wooden block. thus avoiding metal contact, and are clamped firmly and securely in place without the use of fish plates or angle bars. The adoption of iron for this purpose will enable many a woodman to "spare that tree."

THE secret of success in life is to keep busy, to be persevering, patient and untiring, in the pursuit or calling you are following. The busy ones may, now and then, make mistakes, but it is better to risk these than to be idle and inactive. Keep doing, whether it be at work or seeking recreation. Motion is life, and the busiest are the happiest. Cheerful, active labor is a blessing. An old philosopher says: "The firefly only shines when on the wing; so it is with the mind; when once we rest we darken."

THE women who write sensational stories of the worst sort are bringing a good deal of discredit upon the efforts of women in literature, but as a matter of fact these women are not making efforts in literature at all. Their work has no more relation to literature than band-wagon painting has to art. It is true that one or two of these erratic writers have shown power, which if rightly directed, ight have made them capable of excellent work. But there is absolutely nothing to commend in the latest stories of this sort. Meanwhile there are plenty of women contributing high and fine work, particularly in short stories, to our American literature.

A QUEER RACE.

I learned much about the queer race from the "Sents Anna's" log-books and the other books to which Mr. Field, by his mistrees' command, gave me access; by reading between the lines, by conversation with that gentleman and with others, and from my own observation, I learned even more. The gist of this information I propose to embody in the present chapter, for it is essential, not only to a right understanding of the people among whom I found myself, but of the events that afterward came to pass, as also of my own personal narrative, which I shall presently resume.

resume.

It will be remembered that when Mr. Hare, the chaplain, threw his diary into the sea, he thought he was like to die, and that his companions would not long outlive him. As the reader already knews, live him. As the reader already knews, the anticipations were not realized. Mr. Hare lived a good deal longer than he expected, and only a proportion of the ship's company—the sick, the wounded, and nearly all the Spanish prisoners—succumbed. The fittest survived, in fact; but they suffered terribly from scurry and thirst, and were saved when almost at the last gasp by a tremendous downpour of tropical rain, followed by a succession of storms, which drove them hundreds of miles out of their course, dismasted and miles out of their course, dismasted and damaged the ship, and left her little better than a wreck. For days together the offi-cers were unable to take an observation ly, however, the ship was jammed between two reefs, and impaled on a third in such a way that she could neither sink nor make

much water.

This happened in the night, and the joy of the harassed and weary sailors may be imagined when at day-break they saw before them a land of waving forests and running waters. As the island was not marked on any of their charts, they had no means of knowing whether it was the pos-session of a European power or inhabited only by savages. But as the boats (which were at once got out) approached the shore, they were met by a multitude of canoes, crowded with copper-colored aborigines, whose demeanor showed that they had never before beheld men with white skins and hairy faces. They brought fruit and for a considerable time; and being too few to conquer a whole people, their only chance was to make friends of them. The natives, as Commander Fane thought

were Ceribs, of the same race as the unfor-tunates who inhabited the Bahamas when Columbus discovered America, and who were afterward so completely wiped out by the Spanish Conquistadores. They were gentle and hospitable, and looking upon their visitors as superior beings, treated them with great deference and respect. Though for the most part hunters and fish-ermen, the Caribs of the island were not wholly uncivilized. They dwelt in villages; their houses were something more than mere shelter-huts; they'd ad a rudimentary knowledge of gardening and ag-riculture; the make of their flint and bone tools and weapons showed considerable skill; their ornaments were deftly wrought; and they contrived, in a rude way, to spin and weave, fashion into clothing, and even to dye, the indigenous cotton of the island. Physically well made, with senses won-derfully acute, they had a ready wit and dignited manners, and Commander Fane was not long in coming to the conclusion that the islanders might easily be con-verted into a Christian and civilized people.

The first idea of the castaways was to build a boat big enough to carry them to England or the Bahamas; to which end all she contained-ropes, spars, sails, tools, arms, ammunition, and the rest. They even broke up and took some of the planking, and stripped as much of the copper sheathing as they could get ut. The treas-

ure was also removed and safely stored.
All this occupied two months or more, and it was barely completed when the "Santa Anna," which had been terribly suffeted in a storm, went to pieces.

So far the men had worked willingly and well, obeying their officers without hesitation; but when it became a question of building a boat and "affronting new dangers" (to use Commander Fane's own words), they began to murmur. Why, they said, should they take a perilous voyage in a frail craft—a voyage of at least two thousand miles (that being the distance to the nearest British possession)—with the almost certainty (if they should escape shipwreck a second time) of falling into the hands of the Spaniards and being immured for years in some horrible ossibly tortured and put to death by the Inquisition? Why not stay where they were? The country was fertile and beautiful, the climate genial, the people kindly. What could they do better than make the Fair Island (A name conferred on country by the sailors because of its supsed resemblance to the Isle of Wight which in the last century was generally known as the "Fair Island") their home

and let the world wag?
Whether this idea had already occurred to Fane does not appear, but before the suggestion could be considered an event occurred which seems to have helped him to a decision. He and his men were living in tents and huts near the present site of Fairhaven, when one morning several of the native chiefs made their appearance, and gave them to understand that they were threatened with a grave danger; and taking the commandant round the moun-tain, pointed to the west, where there was tain, pointed to the west, where there was a breach in the barrier of rocks, and where the mist occasionally lifted.

Looking through his glass, Fane saw

that the sea was simply black with can which were rapidly approaching the coast.
It was a fiotilia of invaders, and the Carib

These dispositions made, the silled forces awaited the onset of the enemy, who came on several thousands strong.

The Cariba, after making a show of resistance, fell back, and then pretending to be panicetricken, made in desperate haste for the river, the fee in full cry after them. When the latter were well within range, the blue-jackets (who had been lying perdunder the bank) opened fire on them both with their maskets said the carronade. The invaders, utterly dumfounded by this unexpected reception, retreated in great confusion; but once among the trees again, the rallied, and, turning to bay, showed a most resolute front.

On this the commander ordered ageneral charge, which he led in person. Then followed a desperate struggle—"the hottest thing I was ever in," wrote Fane. The blue-jackets, after giving the Caribarces a couple of volleys point-blank, fell on them with cutlasses and clubbed muskets, and were bravely supported by their native allies. The fight lasted fifteen minutes, and there is no telling how it might have ended if the ambush party, hearing the firing, had not made a diversion in the rear, whereupon the invaders, being seized with a nanic, three away their arms, and rear, whereupon the invaders, being seized with a panic, threw away their arms, and

with a panic, threw away their arms, and
made off in all directions. Many were
killed; more were taken prisoners; only a
very small remnant succeeded in reaching
their boats and getting away.

The Caribs had no idea of keeping the
prisoners alive, and were proceeding to
make short work of them, when Commander Fane interposed. He would have nobody killed in cold blood. The question
then arose as to how the prisoners were to then arose as to how the prisoners were to be disposed of. To let them go away would never do; they might come back anwould never do; they might come back another day. To let them roam about the country was equally impolitie; they would be a chronic trouble and a permanent danalerra. ger. There was only one other alternative, and that was adopted. They were

Fane had many advanced ideas, but the age in which he lived was neither a senti-mental nor a humanitarian age. He not only thought there was no wrong in slav-ery, but that the best use to which the prisoners could be put was to reduce them to servitude. So they were bound in twos and threes and distributed among their captors, and slavery became one of the

permanent institutions of the island. The invaders, as Fane afterward ascertained, came from an island about a hundred miles east of Fair Island, and when he first saw them their appearance excited his unbounded surprise. Some were black, others copper-colored or red; but the great-er part had the same spotted skins as the Caliban crew of Field's boat—were, in fact, their ancestors. How African negroes had found their way so far west was matter of conjecture; they were probably, as Fane surmised, the descendants of a cargo of revolted slaves, who, after killing their captors, had landed on the island and

intermarried with the natives.

Speaking for myself, I am unable to as sign any cause for the peculiar hue of these people, or to decide whether it was the outcome of some subtle evolutionary process, or a mere caprice of atavism. As the mix-ture of aborigines with Englishmen on the one hand, and negroes on the other, pro-duced analogous results, the piebaldism of their progeny may be attributable either to soil or climate, or possibly to some racial peculiarity. I have heard of tribes in Cen-tral America presenting similar characteristics, and it is a well-known fact that the and a white, are not always of the same type. Their children are occasionally born with black limbs and a white face, or vice offspring of mixed races should not have variegated skins rather than skins of one iniform color throughout. Miscegenation

has produced even stranger results.

But as I am simply relating my own personal adventures, it is no part of my purpose to suggest explanations of the obscure natural phenomena which have come un-

And now to resume my story.

When the prisoners (among whom were many women, the object of the invaders being to take entire possession of the island) had been disposed of, the Carib chiefs waited on Commander Fane, and, after expressing unbounded gratitude for the great service he had rendered them, begged of him to stay with them for good, and offered him the sovereignty of the country. As for his people, they might have as much land and as many slaves as they liked, and choose for themselves wives from among the most beautiful girls of the island. It was not like a British officer to accept

such an offer as this, for doing so involved both a dereliction of duty and a breach of discipline. To remain on the island, except under compulsion, was tantamount to desertion; and desertion by a combatant officer in war time is an offense punishable with death. Yet Denzil Fane not only did accept the offer of the Carib chiefs, but constrained his brother officers to follow his example. I assume the constraint, alhis example. I assume the constraint, albeit no mention of it appears in the records, because it can hardly be supposed that the officers—the two lieutenants, the master's mates, the surgeon, the chaplain, and the balf dozen midshipmen—would willingly agree to expatriate themselves and renounce all hope of ever seeing England again. But the recalcifrants were a small minority, and, being too few to build a ship and get away by themselves, they had no alternative but to throw in their lot with the others and make the best of it. And some of the officers, like the survivors of the crew, may have preferred freedom and the Fair Island to life on the ocean wave, for the British man-of-war of

reedom and the Fair Island to life on cean wave, for the British man-of-war hat time was not exactly a paradise.

As for Bensit Fane's motives I can of the control of the

ing and great improvements were effected in the native methods of manufacture, and inversal new inductives of on foot. Into this work Fans threw so much energy that I am disposed to think he wanted to justify himself to his own conscience by civilining the Carle subjects, and making the manufacture of the home of a happy and thriving community. This may possibly have been his reling motive from the first; and if so, there can be no doubt that with the materials at his command he succeeded better than might have been expected.

Bone of the rules he laid down are worth mention. Atthough he acquired the Carib tougue, he made English the official language, and insisted on the Carlbe learning it. The process was probably slow and

guage, and insisted on the Cartos senting it. The process was probably slow and paintful in the beginning, but in the end the desired result was attained. At the time of my arrival on the island there were not a hundred men who could hold a conversation in the Carib tongue. He also made them Christians—after a fashion—which was all the more easy, as their own primitive religion seems to have sat very lightly on them, and they were ready to believe and the country of the country

inguly on them, and they were ready to believe pretty nearly everything the Great White Chief told them.

In his own family Denzil Fane made the practice of athletics and the training of the senses a religious duty, whereby it came to pass that his descendants were distinguished by exceptional bodily strength, litheness of limb, acuteness of hearing, and keenness of vision. Owing to their descent from two European ancestors, moreover from two European ancestors, moreover (though Fane's children had necessarily intermarried with Caribs and half-breeds), they were whiter and less plebald than the other families of mixed blood, and formed other families of mixed blood, and formed a true aristocracy, not by right of birth merely, but by virtue of their physical and moral superiority, which was probably the end Fane had in view.

He called his government a common-wealth, and himself its "Protector" (from which I infer that he was an admirer of Oliver Comment), but it reading its

Oliver Cromwell); but in reality it was a Oliver Cromwell); but in reality it was a paternal despotism of a very uncompro-mising sort. The ruling body was ostens-ibly a Council of Nine, presided over by the Protector, and nominated by himself; and though they were at liberty to offer suggestions and make proposals, he was under no obligation either to adopt the one or accept the other.

[To be Continued.]

UNPARALLELED HISTORY. How the American People Pay Off Their Debts.

A statement of the debt extinguishment of our country since the war never ceases to be impressive. It rects not only the growth, but the patriotism and prosperity of our people as no other statistical exhibit does. The mere fact is startling that twentyfive years ago, less than a generation, the public debt was \$2,756,000,000, entailing an annual interest charge of \$151,000,000, and it is now only \$921. 000,000, and the interest charge is but

\$29,500,000 The face of the debt has decreased to one-third its maximum size, while the interest charge has decreased to one-tifth its highest amount, owing to refunding at the constantly declining rates of interest.

In the past ten years a large proportion of the debt has been extinguished. At the time of the 1880 census the public debt was \$1.919,000,-000, and the interest charge was \$79,-500,000, so that in a decade the debt has been reduced \$998,000,000, or say \$1,000,000,000.

It will thus be seen that if the conn-

try remains prosperous and continues to be well governed it will be entirely possible to extinguish the entire re maining public debt in the next ten years, so that the people of the United States could, if they chose, enter upon the twentieth century with a net surplus in the Treasury. It has been the historic tiscal policy of our country to pay off its debt; we presume it will

The present census will show 65.-000,000 people in the United States, in all probability, and this will figure a debt at the present time of only \$14 per inhabitant, which is small, while the interest charge of \$29,417,603 en-tails a tax of less than 50 cents per year per inhabitant.

Our readers will see from this how slight a burden the national debt is in comparison with the real taxation of people, which is local taxation, rang-ing all the way from \$9 to \$19 per 1.000. The problems which confront this generation of Americans are not those of poverty, certainly Boston Daily Advertiser.

Smoking.

At Leipsic they are now celebrating the centenary of the pipe, and the Petite Presse seizes upon the occasion to give a few notes upon the use of tobacco in Europe, which will be interesting to smokers and their enemies. Snuff, it appears, was the first form a which tobacco was used in France,

and the pipe didn't make its appearance until the reign of Louis XIV. At that time the French Government began to distribute pipes among the soldiers. Jean Bart was an inveterate smoker, and the story goes that some bes. There was very little smoking in Europe in the eighteenth century. No great man of that time was a tion the pipe was comparatively un-known. Neither Robespierre nor Dan-ton, nor any one of the leaders of that period was a smoker. But when Napoleon's army returned from Egypt the pipe became fashionable. General LaSaile used to lead his cavalry charges with a pipe in his mouth; and d'Oud-inet was the possessor of a splendid meerschaum, which was presented to him by Napoleon, and which was orna-mented with stones to the value of about \$7,500. General Moreau, when

about \$7,500. General Moreau, when his legs were about to be amputated, called for his pipe that he might smoke it during the operation, but how he enjoyed it history doesn't state.

The restocation brought about a reaction sgainst the pipe, and it was not until 1850 that it regained a popularity which it has preserved up to the present time. Except perhaps in England, the pipe is considered out of place on the street; but at home it is just the same in all sorts of society.

semarch.

mech poets have frequently coma man's existence to a lighted

whose contents pass off in smoke

seless. In an old volume of the ath century entitled "Moralo mart," there is an engraving a start a young man amoking a a young man smoking a ad the legend calls him the Fortrait. This is followed ad pleas of matry some

WHAT LACK YE?

TALMAGE'S SERMON UPON LIFE'S ESSENTIALS.

To Be a Christian the All-Important Requirement. - The Poverty of a World Without Christ.-An Appeal to Young Men.

BROOKLTN, Feb. 1-The deep religiou seling manifested in Dr. Talmage's con regations since his recent arousing "Apocal to Outsiders," has apparently en couraged him to continue preaching disinctively evangelistic sermons. Today h lelivered another discourse of the same Gospel type, both at the morning service in the Academy of Music in this city. and at night in the New York Academy of Music. His text was taken from Mark 10. 21 .- "One thing thou lackest." The young man of the text was

at the first glance. He was amiable, and frank, and carnest, and educated, and refined, and respectable, and moral, and yet he was not a Christian. And so Christ addresses him in the words that I have send to you. "One thing thou lackest." I addresses him in the words that I have read to you, "One thing thou lackest," I suppose that that text was no more appropriate to the young man of whom I have spoken than it is appropriate to a great multitude of people in this audience. There are many things in which you are no lacking. For instance, you are not tacking in a good home. It is, perhaps, not more than an hour age that you closed not more than an hour ago that you closed the door, returning to see whether it was well fastened, of one of the best homes in well fastened, of one of the best homes in this city. The younger children of the house already asleep, the older ones, hear-ing your returning footsteps, will rush to the door to meet you. And in these winter svenings, the children at the stand with their lessons, the wife plying the needle, and you reading the book or the paper. and you reading the book or the paper, Neither are you lacking in the refinements and courtesies of life. You understand the polite phraseology of invitation, re-gard and apology. You have on approoriate apparel.

Neither are you lacking in worldly sucsess. You have not made as much money as you would like to make, but you have an income. While others are false when they say they have no income or are making no money, you have never told that falsehood. You have had a livelihood or you have fallen upon old resources, which is just the same thing, for God is just as good to us when he takes care of us by a surplus of the past as by present success While there are thousands of men with hunger tearing at the throat with the strength of a tiger's paw, not one of you is hungry. Neither are you lacking in pleas-ant friendship. You have real good friends, if the scarlet fever should come tonight to your house, you know very well who would come in and sit up with the sick one; or, if death should come, you know who would come in and take your hand tight in theirs with that peculiar grip which means, "Pli stand by you," and after the life has fled from the loved one, take you by the arm and lead you into the next room, and while you are gone to Greenwood they would stay in the house and put aside the garments and the playthings that might bring o your mind too severely your great loss.

Friends? You all have friends. Neither are you lacking in your admiration of the Christian religion. There is nothing that makes you so angry as to have a man malign Christ. You get red in the face, and you say, "Sir, I want you to understand that though I am not myself a Christian. I don't like such things said as giving you a parting salutation, but you hardly answer him. You are provoked beyond all bounds. Many of you have been supporters of religion and have given more to the cause of Christ than some who profess his faith. There is nothing that would please you more than to see your son or daughter standing at the altar of Christ, taking the vows of the Christian. It might be a little hard on you, and might make you nervous and agitated for a little say: "My child, that is right. Go on, I am glad you haven't been kept back by my say: example. I hope some day to join you. You believe all the doctrines of religion A man out yonder says: "I am a sinner."
You respond: "So am I." Some one says:
"I believe that Christ came to save the
world." You say: "So do I." Looking at your character, at your surroundings, I find a thousand things about which to congratulate you; and yet I must tell you in the love and fear of God, and with reference

to my last account, "One thing thou lackest," You need, my friends, in the first place the element of happiness. Some day you feel wretched. You don't know what is the matter what is the matter ou say: "I did not sleep well last night, think that must be the reason of my rest sness;" or, "I have eaten something that

did not agree with me, and I think that must be the reason." And you are unhappy. O, my friends, happiness does not depend upon physical condition, and if you have not the satisfaction that is to be ound in Jesus Christ, I must tell you with all the concentrated emphasis of my soul: "One thing thou lackest."

I remark again that you lack the element f usefulness. Where is your business: You say it is No. 45 such a street, or No My friend immortal, your business is wherever there is a tear to be wiped away or a soul to be saved. You may, before coming to Christ, do a great many noble things. You take a loaf of bread to that starving man in the alley; but he wants immortal bread. You take a pound of candles to that dark shanty. They want the light that springs from the throne of God, and you cannot take it because you have it not in your own heart. You know that the flight of an arrow depends very much upon the strength of the bow, and I have to tell you that the best bow that was ever made was made out of the cross of Christ; and when religion takes a soul and puts it on that, and pulls it back and lets it fly, every time it brings down a Saul or Goliath. There are people here of high social position, and large means, and cul-tured minds, who, if they would come into the kingdom of God, would set the city on fire with religious awakening. But we all have a work to do. I cannot do your work, nor can you do my work. God points us out the place where we are to serve, and yet are there not people in this house who are thirty, forty, fifty and sixty years of age, and yet have not begun th creat work for which they were c With every worldly equipment:

Again, you lack the element of personal safety. Where are those people who associated with you twenty years ago? Where are those people that fifteen years ago used to cross South Ferry, or Fulton Ferry, with you, to New York? Walk down the street where you were in busi ness fifteen years ago, and see how all the signs have changed. Where are the peo signs have changed. Where are the peo-ple gone? How many of them are landed in eternity I cannot say, but many, many. I went to the village of my boyhood. The house were all changed. I passed one house in which once resided a man who had lived an carnest, useful life, and he is in glory now. In the next house a misor lived. He devoured widows' houses, and spent his whole life in trying to make the world worse and worse. And he is seen

the miser had a harp, what tune did he play on it? O my friends I commend to you this religion as the only personal safety. When you die, where are you going to? When we leave all these sources upon what somes will we enter? When we were on shipboard and we all felt that we must go to the bottom, was I right in saying to one next me: "I wonder if we will reach Heaven if we do go down tonight." Was I wise or unwise in asking that question? I tell you that man is a fool who never thinks of the great future. I apply my subject to several classes of

I apply my subject to several classes of people before me. First, to that great multitude of young people in this house. Some of these young men are in boarding-houses. They have but few social advanhouses. They have but few social advantages. They think that no one cares for their souls. Many of them are on small salaries, and they are cramped and bothered perpetually, and sometimes their heart falls them. Young man, tonight, at your bedroom door on the third floor, you will hear a knocking. It will be the hand of Jesus Christ, the young man's friend, saying: "O, young man, let me come in; I will comfort thee, I will deliver thee." Take the bible out of the trunk, if it has been hidden away. If you have not the courage to lay it on the shelf or table, take that Bible that was given to you by some loved one, take it out of the trunk and lay loved one, take it out of the trunk and lay it down on the bottom of the chair, then kneel down beside it, and read and pray, and pray and read, until all your disturb-ance is gone, and you feel that peace which neither earth nor hell can rob you of. Thy father's God, thy mother's God, waits for thee, O young man, "Escape for thy life!" Escape now! "One thing thou lackest!"

But I apply this subject to the aged. O father of the weary step, O mother, bent down under the allments of life, has thy God ever forsaken thee? Through all these years, who has been your best friend? Seventy years of mercies! Seventy years of food and clothing! O, how many bright mornings! How many glorious evening hours you have seen! O father, mother, God has been very good to you. Do you feel it? Some of you have children and grandchildren; the former cheered your young life, the latter twine your gray locks in their fingers. Has all the goodness that God has been making pass before you pro-duced no change in your feelings, and must it be said of you, notwithstanding all this: "One thing thou lackest?"

I must make application of this subject, also, to those who are prospered. Have you, my friends, found that dollars and cents are no permanent consolation to the soul? You have large worldly resources but have you no treasures in heaven? Is an embroidered pillow all that you want to put you dving head on? You have heard people Hear a plain man talk about the heavenly. Do you not know it will be worse for you.

O prosposed man, if you reject Christ, and
reject him finally—that it will be worse for
you than those who had it hard is this world, because the contrast will make the the hart bounds for the water brooks, as the roe speeds down the hill-side, speed thou to Christ. "Escape for thy life, look not behind thee, neither stay thou in all the plain; escape to the mountain lest thou be consumed! I must make my application to another

class of persons—the poor. When you cannot pay your rent when it is due, have you nobody but the landlord to talk to? When the flour has gone out of the barrel, and you have not ten cents with which to go to the bakery, and your children are tugging at your dress for something to eat, have you nothing but the world's chari-ties to appeal to? When winter comes, and there are no coals, and the ash-barrels have no more cinders, who takes care seer of the poor? But I preach to you s poor man's Christ. If you do not have in the winter blankets enough to cover you in the night, I want to tell you of him who had not where to lay his head. If you lie on the bare floor, I want to tell you of him who had for a pillow a hard cross, and whose foot-bath was the streaming blood of his own heart. O you poor man! O you poor woman! Jesus understands your case altogether. Talk it right out to him tonight. Get down on your floor and say: "Lord Jesus Christ, Thou wast poor and I think God would cast you off? Will he? You might as well think that a mother would take the child that feeds on her breast and dash its life out, as to that God would put aside roughly those who have fied to him for pity and com-passion. Yes, the prophet says: "A woman may forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb, but I will not forget thee.' have been surprised in the first voyage to find there are so few sails in sight. Some-times you go along two, three, four, five, six and seven days, and do not see a single sail; but when a vessel does come in sight, the sea glasses are lifted to the eye, the ressel is watched, and if it come very near, then the captain, through the tranpet, cries loudly across the water: "Whither bound?" So you and I meet on this sea of

life. We come and we go. Some of us have never met before. Some of us will never meet again. But I hail you across the sea, and with reference to the last great day, and with reference to the two great worlds, I cry across the water "Whither bound?" know what service that craft was made ompass? Is there no helm to guide it? Is the ship at the mercy of the tempest? Is there no gun of distress booming through the storm? With priceless treasures— with treasures abourd worth more than all the Indies—wilt thou never come up out of the trough of that sen? O Lord God, lay hold of that man! Son of God, if thou wert ever needed anywhere, Thou art needed here. There are so many be pardoned. There are so many to be healed. There are so many souls to Help, Jesus! Help, be saved. Ghost! Help, ministering angels from the throne! Help, all sweet memories of the past! Help all prayers for our future deliverance! O, that now, in this the accepted time and the day of salvation, you we hear the voice of mercy and live. Taste and see that the Lord is gracious. In this closing moment of the service, when when everything is so still, whe God is so loving, and heaven is so drop your sins, and take Jesus. De cheat your elf out of heaven. Do not do that. God forbid that at the last, when it is too late to correct the mistake. hould rise from the pillow, or drop from the throne, uttering just four words—four sad annihilating words: "One thing thou

She-"He talks like a book." He What a pity he doesn't shut up as easily."

"It's very hard," sighed the gas moter; "I always register, but I can vote."—Pack.

Profaue history has pages added it at the putting up of every stove. Hutchison News. The dobt of Nature is one that a mai a dunned to death for before he settles Binghamton Leader.

"Is this old latch-key a relic of randfather's days?" "Hot of ights."—Indianapolis Journal.

THE CRY IN THE DARK

It Awake the Sleeping Camp to the Not an Indian had been seen all the

fternoon - no signs had been met The ride had led over ground sterile that even sage brush could not grow there—across dry ravines—over out-crop of finty rock—from one ridge to another, until at last we came to the

out-crop of finity rock—from one rings to another, until at last we came to the Loup river and went fato camp in a scattered grove. No sign of Indian there. As the setting sun flooded the earth with its golden light we could see for miles and miles in every direction. No sign of danger.

Night comes down as softly as a child closes its eyes in sleep, and the light breeze from the north brings a film of white cloud to hide a portion of the stars. A sentinel is posted on the bank of the stream, a second to the east, a third to the west. It seems almost absurd to take these precautions. The crickets sing under the stones, field mice run about in the grass, the waters of the Loup sing a peaceful song as they flow past our peaceful song as they flow past our

No Indians-no signs. It is such calm, quiet nights as this which have lulled the tired emigrant to his last sleep on earth. Seeing no Indian, he has argued that none were lurking and watching. We who have fought the red man from Fort Kenrney to the source of the Powder river know him

better. The very absence of his foot-prints is a menace. The quietness of the night is a warning to be heeded. At 10 o'clock everybody but the sentinels is fast asleep. Some of the norses are lying at full length, so buried in slumber that their heavy breathing can be heard for yards away. At 11 can be heard for yards away. At 11 have almost given o'er their noise. Fleecy clouds now cover the whole heavens, making the night no darker, but more uncertain. As the eye looks off over the level plain the shadows take on a different shape and have more

Midnight! The three sentinels softly enter camp—bend over the sleepers, and five minutes later the guard has been changed. Those who slept are now as watchful as foxes; those who watched are in the land of dreams. Half-past 12 o'clock! No sound now

but the puriling waters, and their mono-tony would close the eyes of a sentiuel who listened long. One o'clock! Now there is the quietness of a graveyard. Men and horses seem to be dead. The sentinel to the east gives a sudden start. He would deny it on his oath, but for an instant he slept. He shakes himself and looks over the camp. All is peace, but he has received a shock which makes his heart beat faster. His stand is at the foot of a cottonwood. He sinks down on his knees and peers out from either side of the trunk. Nothing in sight—nothing but the dark shadows cast by

the clouds. "Chirp! Chirp! Chirp!"

A cricket begins his song again after
a long silence. It seems loud enough o awaken every sleeper, but it is not. It is very low and quiet. It reaches the ear of only one sentinel.
"Watch! Watch! Watch!"

His heart leaps to his mouth. The words came to him as plain as if spoken by some human being. Watch what? Watch where? Watch for

"Watch! Watch! Watch!" The sentinel's eyes fell upon a dark spot on the grass 100 feet away. It is the shadow of a cloud. The spot is the center is a rock lifting its head out of the earth. He noticed it before the darkness came. He can see

nothing moving—there is no danger.

'Look! Look! Look!'

His heart jumps again and his eyes go back to the dark spot. They cling here for two or three minutes, during which time the cricket is absolutely silent. Did something move? Is the black spot nearer than it was?

"Creeping! Crawling! Coming!" So shouts the cricket, and now the sentinel is sure that the dark spot has advanced. Of course it has! also changed the line of its advance. With bated breath he waits and watches. The man who disturbs camp without good cause will be taunted with cowardice. Ah! it does move! The black spot is not now over tifty feet awav.

"Shoot! Shoot! Shoot!" The sentinel softly pulls back the hammer of his heavy carbine, raises the weapon quietly to his shoulder, and the loud report is followed by a cry so longdrawn, so wild and wierd and full of death that no one forgets it for a month. There is wild confusion in a moment, and then everybody is ready.

Three or four men advance to the dark spot to find the body of an Indian stretched at full length on the earth, shot through the breast. Eighty rods away are half a hundred fierce warriors, waiting in the darkness for the spy to return and report. At the sound of his death-cry they mount their ponies and ride away. — Detroit Free Press.

Was He a Mean Man.

One of the meanest men in Harlem has made his will, which some day will be offered for probate. The testator, as reported in the N. Y. Mercury, sets forth his peculiar views as follows: "I declare this to be my last will and

testament. I claim to be perfectly sound in body, but I do not presume to affirm that I am sound in mind. I would not stultify myself by setting up such a pretension. I have about \$60,000 of invested funds. What a vast amount of hypocrisy, sorrow and falsehood I could buy with that amount. I thought first of bequeathing it to charity. But what's the use? The greatest benefactors of humanity are war and cholera. Besides, I owe a debt of gratitude to my wife, who lives debt of gratitude to my wife, who lives I don't know where. She rendered me the greatest service in her power—she abaudoned me one fine day and I never heard of her since. In remembrance of this kind act I shall make her my sole legates; however, on the express condition that she shall remarry at once. In this way I shall be sure of knowing that my death was regretted by one human being at lenst."

he is an Irishwoman, bright, witty, artaining, as an educated Irishman cannot help being. She was ing me of a gathering in a certain of parior in the Green late soon or one of the periodical uprisings ong the Irish people against landdiam. In mentioning certain facts regling the persons present at this marked that it was a strange of affaire—that is which au had lost its taint. "Taint"